

## OLD SOLDIER'S LETTER.

Centerville, Va., Feb. 15, 1892.

Dear Father:

I have received your welcome letter of the 8th inst. It was handed me by G. W. C. who carries the mail. How glad I am to get a letter from any of you—you write more than any one else to me. I am distressed to hear of the illness of Major Bill Lyles, but calamity comes to all. I am also sorry that dear little Isabel is having chills.

I went to see Zeb Mobley a few days ago; he is improving. Dr. Sam Mobley says that he would like to see you here, but would hate to have you go away, for you could not stand it.

It is snowing today right fashion. I think it has snowed four or five inches since morning. I am super-numerary today—and also to report to the wagon yard to fix some brush around the horse brush shelter, and to spread some old tents over the top to prevent the snow from coming too much. There was an old dying horse lying there while I was spreading the tents—did not get done. Today the old guard of our company went out to cut wood, and there are very few men left to do duty. We also had to bring poles to floor the shelter. The poor horses look miserable. They are surely entitled to the best treatment they can get, though it is by no means number one.

Yesterday, 14th, Valentine Day, our mess generally spent all the spare time making pictures and writing valentines, that is, Dick McC., G. W. C. R. M., C. S., W. S. and A. G. C. and myself. I haven't sent mine off yet, and don't think I will. When I have any business with the fair sex I will go to them "face to face." Yes, Pa, who knows that I would have been a drunkard, if it had not been for your example of total abstinence, always turning the cold shoulder to all invitations of "Come, Squire, take a drink." Praise the Lord, honor and glory to Him for it. Thomas Traylor is now reading your letter, is pretty well, is acting Commissary for the Company, while D. James has gone home. A. J. M. and R. M. C. are intensely engaged in a game of chess. G. W. C. is writing. We drilled yesterday in the skirmish drill. There has been some heavy cannonading towards Evansport last night and today. That was a sore disaster to our cause at Roanoke Island. Billy Clowney is here now. Jim Blain and Calvin Brice have gotten back to camp. The way is almost impassable from Massachusetts to this place.

I continue to get great consolation from the Scriptures and my liturgy, which I prize. The hymns are excellent. J. C. C. has a discharge from this term of service. I had a letter from dear brother David dated the 6th, which I answered. There has been great loss of horses here in consequence of the hard work, scarcity of food and poor shelter. Bob Martin, Middleton's son, ate dinner with me today. Dr. Turner is here for his son, Yongue, who is sick. G. W. C. is now parching corn.

Inez continues to be a fine cook. We have had several dress parades lately. Capt. Strait is acting as Colonel. I still have the kettle and oven you got me at Battery Point. Bill Hoop-paugh is now staying with his brother John, who is very sick with pneumonia. I hope he will get well, but a poor fellow cannot have the soothing care of a father, mother or sister here, but thank God it will not always be so. Some day "they shall beat their swords into plough shares, their spears into pruning hooks, and every man shall eat bread under his own vine and fig tree, and there shall be none to molest or make him afraid." I often think of Great-grandfather Feaster; his was a peaceful character. What better life would a man want than his? Peace, plenty and happiness crowned his days. What a change has come over us! We are now engaged in civil war, which none of us can tell the end of.

Some of the fellows are having a great time snowballing today. J. A. F. C. is a fine fellow. Pa, he treats me like a brother.

R. M. C. is a good fellow. S. W. S. is complaining. I don't think he can stand it here. It is now after supper. Boykin gave us some molasses for supper. Our candle stick is a piece of beef bone. We put the canile in the place where the marrow was. We have just been remarking what a fine man W. S. Lyles was, such a fine farmer, such a man to build nice houses, in fact, a thorough-going man.

A. F. C. and I played six games of chess this evening in which he won two and I one. Amos Lyles is a nice boy, just goes through snow about business like a man. What an honor to T. M. Lyles to have such sons as his are. It must make him feel proud, and if they continue as they have started where is the man that will be happier than he? I am sorry to hear that our old friend, Major T. Lyles, is sick. It does seem a pity that such men have to pay the hard debt of nature. But everything God has made is for His glory, and we ought not to murmur. The hand is now practicing, and are at it every night. Have you

ever received the Richmond papers I sent? I hear we have Anderson for Brigadier General instead of D. R. Jones. Pa, how grateful I feel for your prayers to God for me. Give my love to brothers and sisters, nephews and nieces, and to my dear father a double share.

Your son,  
J. C. FEASTER.

### Probably the First Lynching.

In the early part of June, 1865, shortly after I had reached home after the great civil strife, our whole country was thrown into a turmoil by the news that "old Mrs. Ricks," widow of Dr. Ricks, had been criminally assaulted by a negro. Mrs. Ricks was about 60 years old and was on her way to the postoffice at Blythe-wood when she was assaulted. She came to me, crying as if her poor old heart would break and related the story to me. I got all the information possible from her and sprang into my saddle and galloped to the scene of the crime.

I readily found tracks leading off to a field near by where a bunch of dandies were hoeing cotton under Uncle Nat McClenigan, an old driver. I hitched my horse at the fence and followed the tracks across several rows of cotton and upon questioning old Nat I learned that Josh, a young negro about 20 or 22, had been out in the woods about two hours before my arrival. I ordered Josh to place his feet in the tracks leading from the fence. It was plain to be seen that they were his own tracks. He by this time was excited and very nervous. This evidence was plain. I ordered him to get over the fence and again, to make sure, had him measure tracks.

I mounted my horse and marched the negro into the presence of Mrs. Ricks who immediately recognized her assailant, and burst forth in tears and exclaimed:

"That's the fellow! That's the brute. I want you to kill him!"

Knowing that we had no law to rely upon, I at once determined to deal out justice to the culprit.

I at once summoned 12 of the oldest men in the neighborhood, embracing Benj. Cloud, Hampton Johnson, Samuel Lawhorn, Jackson Joyner, John Raines, Arthur and Joseph Kennedy, John Laurie, Lewis Perry, Elias Hood, Hampton Wooten, Simon Faust, and by this time the whole neighborhood had assembled, probably about 35 men and boys.

By this time the day had been spent and after placing the negro under heavy guard action was deferred till morning. We again assembled next morning about 8 o'clock, some having remained throughout the night.

I called the assemblage to order and made a short talk, impressing upon their minds that we must protect our wives, mothers and sisters from the feldish hands of the "new-freed" negro.

I furthermore said that we must protect the women with our own lives and after going over the proof of the undoubted guilt of the negro I formed a line and said: "All of you who are in favor of hanging Josh McClenigan by the neck for the assault on the person of Mrs. Ricks till his body is dead, dead, dead, will step three paces to the front."

Every man, as one, moved three paces to the front and the negro's fate was sealed. A rope having been procured, the convict was taken to the scene of the crime and mounted upon a scaffold made of blackjack saplings and hanged to a leaning tree. Henry Faust acted as sheriff, mounted the tree and tied the rope. Eli Faust wrecked the scaffold and sent the negro to eternity.

The following year or possibly later, upon a petition from the people, I was commissioned captain of home guard, with J. Q. Davis, first lieu-

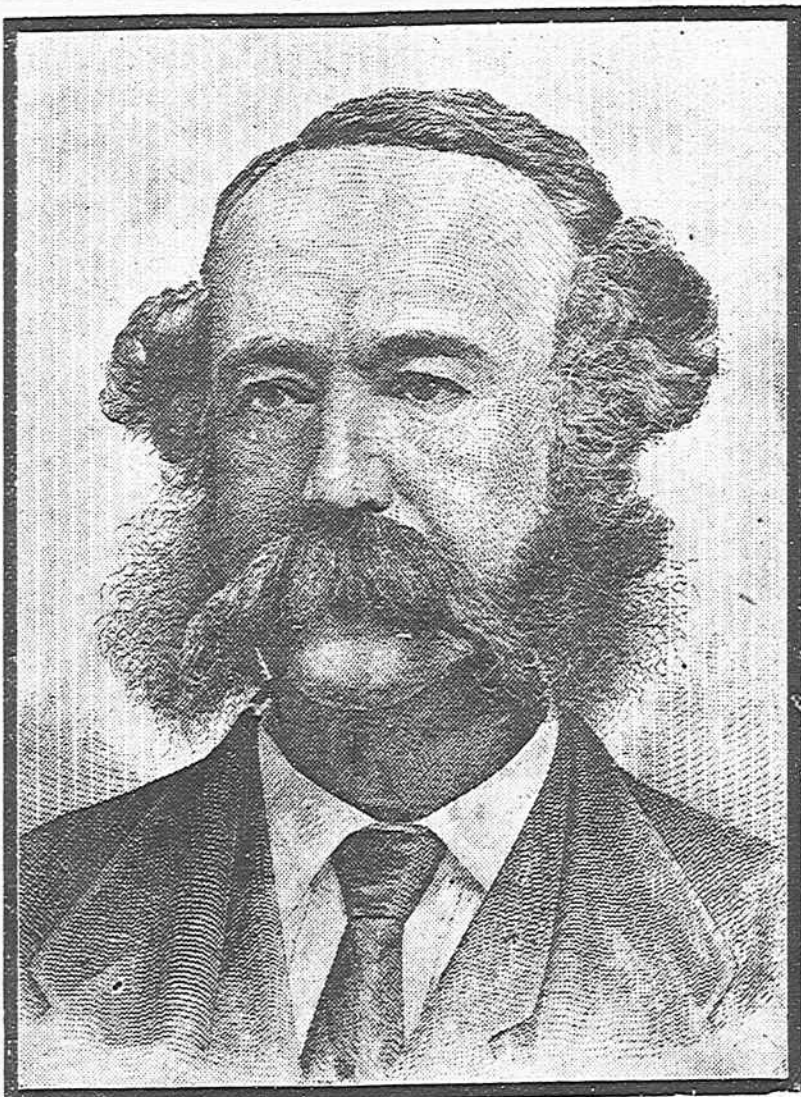
### Some War Experiences.

(By James M. Timms)

I was in my first battle on White Oak road five miles below Petersburg, Va. On Thursday night, the Yankees attacked our breastworks at Burgess Mills. We fought them all night Friday night and Saturday night, then our lines were broken at winter quarters near Petersburg, Va. We fell back to Smith Station where we were taken prisoners and carried to Hart's Island. Just after we were captured, one Yankee courier came riding up and called to me, saying, "Hello, Johnny, has Gen. Lee any breastworks across the Appomattox?" I said, "Yes, and that he would give them to you when he got there." He turned his horse and rode away. Very soon afterwards, the old Yankee general came riding up and asked the same question. I gave the same answer that he did. He turned his horse and rode away. One of our men asked me why I had told that lie. I told them that I did not want all of our men captured before they crossed the river. These were the hardest fights I have been in. I had been in several skirmishes before, but did not enjoy any of it much—did not like the night fighting. Still, I liked it better than the prison life.

While we were in prison at Heath's Island, I met one jolly boy (Johnny Mitchell). He used to sing for us. He sang the song "Davis' Ball." I would love to know what has become of him. Can any one tell, or can any one give the words to this song. I thought I would starve there in that prison. We got a half pint of soup and five hard tack and two small pieces of meat a day. We would eat it at one time, and then be hungry. Had it not been for the stubble crops, we would have starved to death. We could buy something, those that had money. I thought so much of mother's chicken dumplings. Those were the hardest, darkest days of my life. I You may know of our hunger when one of our poor people had sent him \$4.

He went to the sutler's shop and bought \$2 worth of cheese and \$2 worth of crackers. He ate them all but a little, which he gave to a friend to get him some water. He drank the water, and in a few minutes the poor man was cold in death. The Yankees were cruel to us, they killed one of our boys, as he was sick and had gone to the well to get some water. It was against the rules for any one to wash at the well. They shot him and carried him away. While there in prison Lincoln was killed. The guards had orders to shoot any of us who would cheer, as the news of Lincoln's death reached us. They said to us, if we cheered, they would kill us all, and as Gen. Lee had surrendered, we were to take the oath of allegiance. The Yankees ordered us to march out, and told us any that had been willing to take the oath before Lee had surrendered and Richmond fell to march out three paces in front. Lots of our men went most from Virginia and North Carolina, and one only from South Carolina, and as he started Silas Ruff called to him to come back, and asked him if he did not know that he was from South Carolina. Before we were sent



HAMPTON AND BUTLER



to leave the prison, it was told to me that we South Carolina soldiers would stay there to be hanged for the lives of old Sherman's men who were bush-whacked in South Carolina. I told them that if the rest were to be hanged that I was willing and ready to go with them. One of the Yankee sergeants talked with me of the beginning of the war. He was from Massachusetts. I told him if Massachusetts and South Carolina had started the trouble to let Massachusetts and South Carolina fight it out, that we South Carolina men would die before we would let Massachusetts whip us. He laughed and we went on our way home.

As we landed in New York, there is when we got one square meal. The ladies were good and kind to us. They gave us all we wanted to eat, and hats and shoes to wear. They shed tears and begged us to stay there. They said that Sherman had burned us out of house and home, and that we were coming home to starve. I told them that we were coming home to starve with our people, with our fathers and mothers and wives, and that we had been starving anyway, and as we set sail for Savannah a storm struck us. That is where I heard the most earnest prayers in my life. Our men could stand the storm on land, but not on sea. Some said if they ever got their feet on land again, they would never take the water, and some did walk from Savannah, Ga., to Hidgevay, S. C.

We stayed one week at Savannah, and from that place we came to Hilton Head, then to Charleston, then to Orangeburg. We walked home from there. Got home on the fourth of July, 1865. We found our homes had been destroyed, as the New York ladies had told us. Our fathers and our mothers were without any houses and something to eat. That was my first time to come home and not find something to eat, as that crowd of Sherman's had ruined our country, but it was not long until you could have plenty again, and now as the time glides slowly but surely on, and as we look around us and see our comrades, our loved ones falling from day to day, as they did in the cruel bloody war, it will not be long before the last of us will be laid away. They are passing out from this earth to their reward in the great beyond, yet still in our memories they live. We love them in life, we love them in death. When we all shall have been laid away, we hope that some day we will meet in that bright land above where war, death and hell shall have no power, and as we are passing out one by one, let us still sing, "Praises to the God of War, to the God of Peace and the God of our Free Country."

### Memorial Day Forever.

(Lucian L. Knight in The Greenville News.)

"Let the magnolia forsake its lofty bough! Let the lilies of the valley join the mountain laurels in beauty's pilgrimage to knighthood's holy land! Come, spirit of the Mother South! Come from the mansion's pillared pomp! Come from the hovel's humble heart! Take toll of the gardens where the roses bloom and squander the garlands where the love dories lie! Bid the liveoak don her widow's weeds in the woods land's deepest solitudes and make the wild rose wander to the farthest crouch on which a warrior dreams! Zephyrs, sweep your æolian harps! Rivers chant your funeral requiems! Ocean, peal your organ thunders! Your theme today is Dixie's dead. Let the willow's weep on every lowland plain! Let the cedars sigh on every highland height! And if an known grave

be overlooked, O Dixie, round a dew drop there and whisper in the South wind's softest breath: "Thy mother loves thee still!"

### Charlotte Hardware Grows.

Separating Wholesale and Retail Departments—New Building on Corner of Sixth and Railroad with 25,000 Feet Floor Secured—Increasing Salesman from Four to Six.

To keep pace with the extension of its business and the growth of Charlotte Hardware Company is enlarging its stock of goods and separating the wholesale and retail departments. The company has been very successful during the four years of its life and it has become necessary to secure more floor space and make and addition to the stock of good in order to cope with the growing business. Mr. W. W. Hagood is erecting a building at the corner of Sixth street and Railroad 60x170 feet two stories high with a basement which has been leased for the wholesale department of the concern. This building will be of mill construction and furnish 25,000 square feet of floor space. Being in close proximity of both the Seaboard and Southern tracks the shipments can be received and dispatched in short order without cost of drayage. This building will be devoted entirely to wholesale, while the office will be maintained at the retail department on East Trade street where it is at present.

The business has outgrown the present quarters which has been used for wholesale and retail since its organization. When the change is made in the near future, the four floors in the present building will be given up entirely to retail trade. New lines will be added and the office enlarged.

Four salesmen are now on the road traveling the territory within a radius of 100 miles in which the company has substantial patronage in its line. The number of salesmen will be increased to six and the present territory will be worked thoroughly and enlarged to some extent.

The officers are: Messrs. J. C. McNeely, president; R. L. Erwin, vice-president; Robert Glasgow, treasurer, and Neely, secretary—Charlotte Observer.

### Live Stock Insurance.

You carry fire insurance, so in case of loss you will be protected. Your house and barn may never burn. YOUR LIVE STOCK IS SURE TO DIE. See Arnette and secure that insurance that insures and protection that protects.

### WANTED, AGENTS

—FOR THE—

Southeastern Life Insurance Co. IN FAIRFIELD COUNTY.

Fine opportunity for good producers to write business for South Carolina's only Old Line Life Insurance Company. Address with references, MCCAIN & PARHAM,

General Agents,

Lock Drawer 100. COLUMBIA, S. C.

## Overstocked in Fertilizer.

I HAVE BOUGHT TOO MUCH

Baugh's

Pure Blood and Bone Fertilizer.

IT IS THE BEST GOODS ON THE MARKET TO-DAY. I MUST SELL IT. COME AND SEE ME.

M. W. DOTY.

Clemson Agricultural College Examinations.

The examination for the award of scholarships in Clemson Agricultural College will be held in the County Court House on Friday, July 8th, at 9 a. m. Applicants must fill out proper forms, to be secured from the County Superintendent of Education, before they will be allowed to stand the examinations. For detailed information, apply to the Superintendent of Clemson College.

Applicants for admission to the College, but not seeking for the scholarships, will also stand entrance examinations at the court house July 8th. The scholarships are worth \$100 and free tuition.

The next session of the college opens Sept. 14th, 1910.

Cost and Courses of Study.

- (1) Agriculture.
- (2) Agriculture and Chemistry.
- (3) Agriculture and Animal Industry.
- (4) Chemistry and Geology.
- (5) Civil Engineering.
- (6) Mechanical and Electrical Engineering.
- (7) Textile Industry.

Cost per session, including Board, Laundry, Heat, Light, Uniform and all fees, \$118.70. Books and all other miscellaneous supplies, about \$20.00. For students who pay tuition, \$40. additional.

For catalog and information, apply to W. M. RIGGS, Acting President.

## Good News

"I write to tell you the good news that Cardui has helped me so much and I think it is just worth its weight in gold," writes Mrs. Maryan Marshall, of Woodstock, Ga. "I do hope and trust that ladies who are suffering as I did, will take Cardui, for it has been a God's blessing to me, and will certainly help every lady who is suffering."

E 52  
Take **CARDUI**

### The Woman's Tonic

No matter if you suffer from headache, backache pains in arms, shoulders and legs, dragging-down feelings, etc., or if you feel tired, weary, worn-out and generally miserable—Cardui will help you. It has helped thousands of other weak, sick ladies and if you will only give it a trial, you will be thankful ever after.

**W. L. DOUGLAS**  
\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00  
& \$5.00  
**SHOES**

Best in the World

UNION MADE

Boys'

Shoes

\$2.00

and

\$2.50

Fast Color Eyelets Used

W. L. Douglas shoes are the lowest price, quality considered, in the world. Their excellent style, easy fitting and long wearing qualities excel those of other makes. If you have been paying high prices for your shoes, the next time you need a pair give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial. You can save money on your footwear and get shoes that are just as good in every way as those that have been costing you higher prices.

If you could visit our large factories at Brockton, Mass., and see for yourself how carefully W. L. Douglas shoes are made, you would then understand why they hold their shape, fit better and wear longer than other makes.

CAUTION—W. L. Douglas name and price is stamped on the bottom to protect the wear against high prices and inferior shoes. Take No Substitutes. If W. L. Douglas shoes are not in your vicinity, write for Mail Order Catalogue, W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

### A Man Wants to Die.

only when a lazy liver and sluggish bowels cause frightful despondency. But Dr. King's New Life Pills expel poisons from the system; bring hope and courage; cure all Liver, Stomach and Kidney troubles; impart health and vigor to the weak, nervous and ailing. 25c at John H. McMaster & Co.

## BUILD UP

in spring and summer, it's the natural time to store up health and vitality for the year.

**Scott's Emulsion**  
is Nature's best and quickest help.

All Druggists